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COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing Executed with neatness and despatch.

POSTRY.

For the Democrat.

MR. EDITOR:—The following pleasant Hymn was sung by the Academic Choir at the close of the examination of the Lewiston Falls Academy, May 17th. It was composed for the occasion by a young lady of the school, Miss HANNAH L. HOLT, of NORWAY.

HYMN.

Time:—AMERICA.

Time—who can stay his flight?
Who stand against his might,
Or shun his way?
His course is onward still,
And shall be ever till,
The light of God shall fill
The latter day!

Our life is like a glass,
Where fleeting moments pass
Like wafting sand;
They who on science steep,
Would a rich harvest reap,
In view must ever keep
Time's minute-hand.

We feel his mighty power,
Now that the parting hour
Is hovering o'er—
We who in science bowers
Have culled the choicest flowers
And crowned the happy hours
With useful lore.

For those who led our way,
And cheered from day to day,
Our prayers shall rise;
No more may hopes deceive,
Nor darkened prospects grieve,
May they in Heaven receive
A glorious prize.

We go where duty calls,
Again within these walls
We may meet;
Heaven shed its peaceful rays
Upon our future days,
In virtue's pleasant ways
Guiding our feet.

The parting hour draws nigh,
The parting word we sigh,
The sad farewell—
Farewell to teachers dear,
Farewell to schoolmasters near,
Farewell to hours spent here—
Farewell! Farewell!

POPULAR TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE TWO UNCLES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHRESS OF THE "MOR-CAP," ETC. ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

A week passed away, during which time the two Uncles and their sons became completely domesticated in the family of Mr. Manners. Mr. Banks continued to assume the most amusing airs of superior grandeur, sported a most magnificent wardrobe, flirted with Aunt Phillis, and pinched and kissed her nieces—while Mr. Clements, mild, dignified and intellectual, wore the same thread-bare coat, and the same nap-worn hat. Aunt Phillis, before whose eyes visions of wedded pomp and splendour, bright as if called up by the wand of the genii, were constantly floating, scarcely noticed his presence, as, according to her interpretation, he seemed too conscious of his own insignificance, to force himself upon the observation of any one. Cousin Joe was still reserved, but as Elmina, according to her Aunt's instructions, paid him the most marked attention, he attached himself more and more to her society, and it seemed more than probable that a double wedding might take place. Lelia, who, in her pure singleness of heart, tho' not of conquests or weddings, felt delight in the companionship of her cousin Charles, that, succeeding the dearth of all congenial feeling, had the power of enchantment. The books which she had read alone, and which had enthralled her with the master spell of genius, acquired a double fascination, since they had discoursed of their excellencies. He had a finely-modulated voice, and when he read aloud, she discovered that the dulcet author had charms unknown before. Lelia was very fond of drawing, and she now took unalloyed pleasure in the exercise of this accomplishment, for Charles had the painter's eye, as well as the poet's tongue. And, in their hours of closer intimacy, when withdrawn from the bustling circle too much occupied with their own interests to interfere with them, they sat near Mr. Clements' side, who led them on to themes of high and holy import, and thought and feeling came up from the innermost depths of the soul, and brightened or darkened in the speaking eye,—it was then that Lelia learned, that, while music, painting and poetry gave grace and beauty to his mind, a rich vein of philosophy, and a still richer vein of religion, ran like golden ore through the whole texture of her cousin's character. She had never been so happy in her life. Though it was winter, and the trees were leafless, and the ground bleak and bare, she

seemed surrounded with the verdure and the aroma of perpetual summer. All above her was sunshine, all beneath was flowers—for the affections of her ardent heart, which, since her Aunt Lydia's death, had been yearning for some legitimate object, on which to exercise their tenderness, had found one worthy of all their fervour, and on which they expanded with unconscious warmth. But this was a working-day world, and life has realities which often force us from the lovely idealities, which hang their beautiful drape over the machinery of our existence. Lelia had one serious source of anxiety in the midst of her new felicity—her Uncle's coat; she could not bear to see his dignified figure clouded by such a rusty garment. She was at first troubled that Charles should be so much better dressed than his father, fearing that a tinge of selfishness tarnished the lustre of his virtues; but her Uncle had removed this fear, by accidentally mentioning that the wardrobe of Charles was replenished by a friend, to whom he was willing to be under obligations, trusting that he would be able to repay them, by the exercise of his own talents, when he was once established in the world. Her Aunt Phillis was in a high state of preparation for a large entertainment in honor of Mr. Banks and his son. Lelia was distressed at the thought of her Uncle Clements appearing in it, in his shabby suit. She would have begged her father to present him a new one, but remembering the scene about the bed-chamber, she dreaded a similar refusal.

'What a shame!' thought she, 'that Uncle Banks should be revelling in allience, and suffer his brother to wear such poor apparel! I should think pride, if no better feeling, would incite him to a more just and generous conduct.' An unexpected circumstance favoured her secret wishes. Her father had promised Elmina and herself a set of jewels, when they first appeared in the raiments of womanhood. The fulfilment of this promise had been deferred from time to time, though Elmina often reminded him of it. Lelia, in the comparative seclusion of her life, sighed for no such decorations, and now her mourning dress precluded them. Mr. Manners, finding himself in a magnificent vein, in consequence of the brilliant prospects opening through his rich brother-in-law, gave them the money requisite for the purchase, and telling them to make their own selection, left them, that they might consult their Aunt upon the occasion.

Lelia followed him with blushing earnestness. 'Dear father,' said she, 'I thank you more than ask for an additional proof of your goodness.' 'Would you be displeased if I appropriated this money to another purpose than the jewels. I am in mourning now, and would rather not wear them. Yet, if this is a gift to me, and I am permitted to use it as I would wish, you will make me very happy.'

'Who ever heard of a young girl that did not want jewels before?' exclaimed Mr. Manners, half incredulous of the correctness of hearing. 'What other purchase do you wish to make?' 'And so it is,' replied Lelia, twisting her father's guard-chain round her trembling fingers, 'for she feared he would question her too closely—but if you will allow me to employ the money in the way I like best, I will make no unworthy use of it. I will do nothing which your own heart will not approve. Say yes, dear father, and do not ask me to tell you any thing more.'

Lelia had such a beseeching way with her, it was impossible for any one but Aunt Phillis to resist her. Mr. Manners was touched by her disinterestedness. Perhaps his mind caught a glimpse of her purpose, and being ashamed that he had not anticipated her, he forebore to ask her further questions.

'You are a strange child,' said he, smiling, 'but I believe I must trust you this time. Do what you like with it. It is your own.' Lelia threw her arms round his neck, and gave him at least half a dozen kisses; then running to her Uncle's room, where he usually sat reading at this hour, she knocked for admittance. She did not realize the delicacy of her office till she stood before him, with a hue, deep as that of convicted guilt, dyeing her cheeks.

'What petition, or confession, do those blushes herald?' said he, laying down his book, as she entered.

'It is, indeed, a petition, Uncle, but I know not how to word it; I fear you will be offended, and I could not brook your displeasure.'

'I do not think it possible for you to do any thing to offend me,' answered he, taking her hand in both his—'nor do I think I could refuse any petition you might offer, even were it half of my kingdom.'

'Then take this trifle,' said she, putting the paper which contained the money in his hand, and clasping his fingers tightly around it, 'and let me see my dear uncle at Aunt Phillis' grand fête, as she calls it, in a new suit, which he must wear, in honor of his, perhaps, too presumptuous niece.'

She dared not look in his face, and as he did not speak immediately, she feared he was offended and that the pride of poverty rebelled against the offering, but a fear, which fell upon the hand which clasped his, convinced her that his silence was not that of haughtiness or resentment. 'I can say with your favorite Miranda, that I'm a fool to weep at what I'm glad of,' cried he at length, for I do prize your gift, my Lelia, beyond all words. Not that I attach much value to a new coat after all, but the feelings which prompted the act, sanctify the offering in my eyes. I know you will not love me much more than you do, in this old suit, which I must wrap up in lavender and sweet-smelling shrubs, as a memento of my visit here—but strangers look at

the coat, and not at the man. There are a great many Aunt Phillises in the world, and very few Lelias.'

Lelia felt so happy at the successful accomplishment of her wishes, that she went warbling down stairs like a bird, and actually danced into the drawing-room, to the horror of Aunt Phillis, who thought it an unpardonable sin for any one to deviate from the straight forward and perpendicular lines of utility and decorum.

In the course of the evening, Elmina asked her sister, if she did not intend to go with her, in the morning, to purchase the jewels.

'Lelia don't care about jewels,' said Mr. Manners, significantly, 'she is a girl in ten thousand.'

Lelia began to examine her work-box very industriously, and pretended not to hear what they were saying.

'I should not be surprised,' said Elmina, laughing, 'if she put her money out at interest, or in the saving banks, she's such a utilitarian.'

'Perhaps she is going to establish a charity school,' cried Aunt Phillis, with a sneer. Mr. Banks not happening to be present, she thought she might relax a little from her amiability.

'To whatever use she has appropriated it,' said Mr. Clements, 'she will receive, not only thirty, but sixty, nay an hundred fold.'

Charles, who sat beside his cousin, took up a spool of thread from her work-box, and appeared to be scrutinizing its quality most earnestly, but he was in reality watching her downcast face, and thinking it was scarcely a merit in Lelia to sacrifice personal ornaments, since she was in purpose to which she had devoted her father's gift, and he longed to tell her of the gratitude and admiration she had inspired, but he would not wound her modesty by confessing his knowledge of her disinterested goodness.

'Are you going to take lessons in sewing, Charles?' asked cousin Joe, unexpectedly breaking silence. 'I should judge so, by the interest you manifest for that work-box.' It was the first witticism cousin Joe had attempted to make, and every one laughed—Aunt Phillis seemed ready to fall into convulsions, for Joe was an object of her homage, inferior only to his father's.

It is not our intention to give a minute description of Aunt Phillis' splendid fête. It had the elaborate display and ceremony usual on such occasions, but seldom is a fashionable party graced by such figures as Mr. Banks and Aunt Phillis presented to the gaze. The crimson, composed of the same rich materials. White silk stockings, and golden knee-buckles, voluminous shirt ruffles, and multitudinous rings, distinguished the man of wealth from the inferior throng.

As Aunt Phillis promenaded up and down the saloon, leaning on his arm, she believed herself the envy of every female heart, as well as the admiration of every manly eye. She wore on this occasion, which she thought but the prelude of a nuptial festival, a dress of white satin, trimmed with blonde, a gossamer turban, profusely trimmed with pearls and flowers, among which the orange blossom bloomed with prophetic sweetness. Lelia could have laughed at her Aunt's vehement affectation of juvenility, but she remembered that she was a moral and immortal being, and sighed to see her thus twining with roses and gems the sepulchre of youth. She saw her sister's neck and arms glittering with jewels and she did not reprove, for her eye rested on her Uncle Clements, and she would not have exchanged her feelings for the diamonds of Golconda. How well he looked in his new suit of deep black! How she admired the soft shadows of silver grey that stole, like a mist, over his jetty hair! How her heart throbbled as she met his affectionate smile, his grateful, approving glance!

Mr. Clements had another silent admirer. It was no other than Mr. Manners. He had been watching his daughter's countenance, and following the direction of her eyes, he could not help sympathizing with her enthusiastic emotions. 'The freshness and sensibility of life's earlier days, when her mother hung upon his arm a young and confiding bride, came back upon him. He forgot the hardening lessons the world had taught him, his pusillanimous submission to his sister's arbitrary sway—he was once more a man and a father. Drawing near her, he was about to tell her that he had discovered her secret and that she need not fear his anger, when he saw Charles anticipate him. The young man bent down and talked to her in a low voice and she answered him in the same tone. Moreover, there was an expression in the young man's eyes very different from what cousins are wont to wear, and Lelia's color deepened, and flitted, and resolved at last into that roseate hue, which is said to be emblematic of something more than a cousin's love.

'I must look to this,' thought Mr. Manners, 'he is a fine young fellow—but he is too poor to think of marrying. I wish he were Mr. Banks' son, for Lelia's sake.'

The father once more merged in the man of the world.—Nature yielded to Gold.

Aunt Phillis was too much excited that night to close her eyes in sleep. Mr. Banks had done every thing, but make a down right offer of himself. He had invited her and Elmina to accompany them home, telling her that he wanted her to see his house and grounds—to show her in what style he lived. She was to select a building spot for his son, who was to have an establishment equal to Aladdin's palace—and over that establishment, Elmina was destined to preside. The grey, wavering light of dawn saw Aunt Phillis still absorbed in her future grandeur. She then sank into a kind of ecstatic doze, in which she beheld Mr. Banks' gold knee-buckles glittering at her feet, where he had prostra-

ted himself, in the act of surrendering to her his heart, his hand, and his fortune.

The time drew near for the departure of the two Uncles. Aunt Phillis and Elmina were so much occupied in arranging their apparel for the anticipated visit, they had no leisure to notice the evident dejection of Lelia, or if they had, they would have attributed it to envy at their superior good fortune.

'Sorry for Lelia,' said Mr. Banks, patting her on the head. 'Good girl—pretty girl—wish I had room in the carriage for you—why not go with Uncle Clements?—Ashamed to ask you? Charles going away. Be so lonely—what say, brother—hey?'

'That my poor home would be transformed into an Eden bower, with such a gentle, ministering spirit there. But what says my dear niece? Would she consent to such a sacrifice? Charles has received a commission which will take him immediately to a foreign land. I shall be indeed most solitary.'

'Oh! willingly, gladly will I accompany you,' cried Lelia, 'if my father will consent.'

That consent was not easily obtained; but when he considered that Charles was to be absent and the danger he feared would be thus averted, his greatest objection was removed. Another very strong one remained, the want of female companionship. This was obviated by Mr. Clements' description of his housekeeper—a most motherly and estimable woman; and who would prove a sufficient guardian for his young niece.

'There are very few poor men,' said Mr. Clements, 'in the possession of such a blessing, as this faithful and attached friend. She has remained with me during all my fortunes, serving me from attachment, that looks for no reward beyond the exercise of its allotted duties.'

Mr. Manners at length consented that Lelia should accompany him, upon condition of a speedy return. The departure of the travellers was deferred for some days, in consequence of an unexpected movement on the part of cousin Joe. He insisted that he could not, and would not start till his union was consummated with Elmina, with whom he seemed every moment more enamoured. Elmina, notwithstanding the chilling influence of Aunt Phillis' worldly maxims and example, had some feelings true to nature lingering in the depth of her heart. She thought she would not feel so reluctant to this marriage, for reluctant she was, 'till a union brought upon the whole that it would be the height of gentility to have the wedding take place on the morning of their journey, and then on their return, celebrate the nuptials by a large wedding party. Mr. Manners was well pleased with the match, and as all the higher powers were propitious, Elmina thought it best to smile and be propitious too.

Just before the wedding, Aunt Phillis took Elmina aside, and after a long preamble about the importance of commencing the married life with grace and propriety, said, 'Remember, my dear, that there is a great deal in the name you will bear; that is, there is a fashionable and unfashionable style of addressing a married woman. You must not allow any one to call you Mrs. Elmina Banks, or young Mrs. Banks—but Mrs. Joseph Banks. That will be a sufficient distinction. When the senior Mr. Banks—when I am married, (there is no use in speaking in innuendoes,) I intend to be called simply Mrs. Banks. Remember, my dear, Mrs. Joseph Banks.'

Poor Aunt Phillis, she was already trembling at the idea of being styled old Mrs. Banks, and seeking to avert the impending calamity. Lelia beheld, with unspeakable agitation, the preparations for her sister's nuptial. She knew she did not love her future bridegroom, and that the gold for which she was about to sacrifice the truthfulness of nature, and the bloom of youth—would never fill the aching void felt by the craving heart, too late made sensible of its capacities for happiness.

'God has no blessing for such unhallowed vows,' said she to herself, as she stood pale and tearful by her sister's side, during the nuptial ceremony. When the benediction was pronounced, and the bride ready to receive the congratulations of her friends, Lelia could not speak—she could only lean her head on Elmina's shoulder and weep.

'Don't cry, Lelia,' whispered Elmina, 'when you and Charles live in your log cabin together, in the wild woods, you'll forget all about me.'

'Let me be the first to congratulate Mrs. Joseph Banks, on her new name,' said Aunt Phillis advancing and saluting the bride, with inimitable grace.

'Mrs. Joseph Banks!' repeated Mr. Banks. 'Very good, young Mrs. Banks! Very good! By and by, there will be old Mrs. Banks—will there not, hey?' pinching Aunt Phillis' arm, who thought proper to resent the familiarity, by drawing away her arm and tossing up her head with unexpected disdain. The next moment, fearing she might offend him by her too manifest resentment of the odious cognomen, she looked back upon him, with a coquettish smile, and said something about his being a privileged wit.

The carriage rolled up to the door with a magnificent sweep. The bride and bridegroom were seated first—then Mr. Banks, who seemed to be completely cured of the gout, helped Aunt Phillis to ascend, who sprang up the steps, as light as a fawn, threw back her veil and kissed her hand to those she was leaving behind. It was a long time before Mr. Banks was arranged to his own satisfaction, and it was not till Aunt Phillis had squeezed herself into the smallest possible compass, he declared himself comfortably seated.

'Fine horses these, brother,' said he, putting his head out of the window, 'sweep like the wind. Ride like a king! Poor Lelia! don't the fire,

cry—wish there was room. Take you next time—bye, bye.'

The noble horses which had been pawing the ground, impatient of their long restraint, bounded forward, at the first touch of the whip, and the carriage was soon out of sight. But as long as it was seen, the white handkerchief of Aunt Phillis waived from the window, like an oriflamme of victory. The stage, which brought Mr. Clements and his son, was soon at the door.

'I do not think I can part with you, after all,' said Mr. Manners, retaining Lelia in a parting embrace—'I shall be too lonely.'

'Then come with us,' said Mr. Clements, 'and let me reciprocate, as far as I am able, the hospitality I have received under your roof.'

'That cuts rather close,' thought Mr. Manners, 'Come with us,' said Charles, 'then Lelia will not carry a divided heart.'

Lelia echoed these invitations most earnestly, and, to his own astonishment, he found himself in a few minutes seated in the stage-coach, at his daughter's side, about to make an extempore visit to his poor relation.

As Aunt Phillis is in reality the heroine of this tale, we feel it a proper tribute of respect to follow her course, in preference to the unambitious Lelia. It is not our intention to follow the minutiae of a journey which requires many days to accomplish, for we are as anxious as she was to reach the home which had so long been looming on the restless sea of her maiden fancy. The last day, their road lay through a rough, hilly country, which gave many a jolt to her weary sides, and aching limbs. They rode through leafless forests, which seemed stretching into 'a boundless continuity of space,' and through which the wintry winds whistled, making most melancholy music. Long and anxiously did the bride real, and the bride apparent, gaze from the carriage windows, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the distant spires of Banksville, where they were to enjoy the realization of their golden dreams. It was a grey, misty, dreary looking day, and towards evening the mist condensed into clouds, and the clouds descended in a drizzling rain, which completely obscured the country, and made the travellers fold their cloaks more closely round them, and draw towards each other with more affectionate familiarity.

'Oh, I am so tired!' exclaimed Aunt Phillis, leaning her head against Mr. Banks' ample shoulder. 'Don't be impatient,' replied he, 'soon we'll be there. Charming place; get a fine supper; rest like princes.'

It was a late, dark hour, when the travellers reached the termination of their journey. Aunt Phillis and Elmina had both fallen back into a deep slumber, from which they were scarcely aroused by the sudden cessation of the motion of the carriage, and the voice of Uncle Banks, bidding them wake up, and cheer up, for they had got home at last. With stiffened limbs, and bewildered capacities, the film of sleep still lingering on their eye-lids, they were assisted from the carriage, and led stumbling along over a rough pathway towards a low dwelling entrenched in a cluster of forest trees, whose branches made coarse net-work over the roof.

'Where are we going?' cried Aunt Phillis. 'What sort of a place is this?' 'Oh, dear—I can scarcely see my hand before me.'

'Never mind,' said Uncle Banks; 'see soon enough. Hallo, there—giving a thundering rap at the door—bring a light here. Ho—quick!—a light for the ladies!'

A heavy step was heard lumbering near the door, which being swung open wide, displayed a large, clumsy-formed girl, dressed in linsley-woolsey garments, with sleeves rolled up to her elbows, holding a candle in one hand, and shading her eyes with the other.

'La, Mr. Banks, if it isn't you! Bless my stars! here are ladies, sure enough!'

'Open the parlour directly. Run and make up a fire—good fire—blazing fire—'cried Mr. Banks, taking the candle and leading the way for his shivering guests.

'What are you stopping for, at this ugly old place, when we are so near home?' asked Aunt Phillis, mechanically following him, while cold, fearful drops began to gather on her darkening brow.

'Joseph, I thought you said we were to get home to-night,' said Elmina, in a trembling, reproachful voice, sinking down into the first chair she saw, half dead with fatigue and indefinite apprehension.

'Home!' repeated Uncle Banks, rubbing his hands exultingly together, 'and what should this be, but home? New place, to be sure—going to be a palace by and by—not quite finished yet. Welcome to Banksville, my dear—fine place, isn't it, hey?'

'Home!' screamed Aunt Phillis, lifting up both hands almost as high as the ceiling—rolling her eyes round the unpainted and unpainted walls, up on the unlathed rafters, then into the huge chimney, where the large girl was piling pine knots higher than her head, and whose broad glare soon illuminated the whole apartment—'Home!—home! did you say?'

'Yes, home!' shouted Uncle Banks, from the very top of his lungs. 'Deal all at once, hey? Good home as ever was—plenty of room—plenty of wood—plenty of things to eat. What more do you want? Come, take off your cloak—set down by the fire—no ceremony here.'

Aunt Phillis looked steadily in his face, without winking—her eyes dilated to their utmost dimensions, for more than a minute, and he looked steadily at her, smiling and winking all the time. The girl in the chimney stopped blowing the fire, and looked from one to the other, grin-

ing and coughing, displaying two full-length rows of unbroken ivory.

"Oh! my stars," shrieked Aunt Phillis, clapping both hands tightly on her head, and throwing herself back in a chair,—"Oh! my head—it will burst—I can't breathe—I shall suffocate—I shall die. Here," to the grinning girl, "unloosen my cloak—untie my bonnet—give me a glass of water." The last words were uttered in a calm, steady voice. The idea, that notwithstanding the awful delusions respecting the splendour of Banks-ville, under which she had been laboring, she could induce him to build a house to her own taste, out of his hoarded treasures, came like a good angel and checked the outpouring of her anger. "It is very strange," said she, in a hysterical giggle, "that a gentleman of your fortune should be willing to live so—so simply."

"My fortune!" repeated Mr. Banks, "fortune enough. Own this lot and farm—plenty for me—the rest a false report. No matter—thought I'd try my friends—make a frolic of it. No harm done—no sham here," striking his hand on his expansive chest.

"But your carriage?" gasped Aunt Phillis.

"Borrowed."

"Your fine cloths?"

"All borrowed—hey."

Aunt Phillis started up on her feet, quivering with passion. "You wretch—your monster," she exclaimed; "you deceiver—you jack-daw in peacock's plumes! I'll prosecute you for an impostor. I'll have you put in a penitentiary—set in the pillory—transported to Botany Bay. To entrap, in this vile way, my unsuspecting innocence. To lure me on to the brink of matrimony—to make me the laughing stock of the whole world!"

Uncle Banks put his hands into his pockets and began one of his silent laughs.

"To think of my waiting upon you as if you were the grand Sultan, himself," continued she, after taking a fresh inspiration. "Of my tending your old gouty feet—yea, holding them in my very lap."

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle," cried he, getting up and frisking a little to shew the soundness of his limbs. "Good feet as any body's feet. No more gout than you have—Ready for a reel this minute."

"Take us home directly, unfeeling wretch," cried the unhappy spinster. "I'll never sleep in this miserable house—I'll perish in the woods first."

Uncle Banks, who had enjoyed sufficiently the rage and mortification of Aunt Phillis, seemed to feel real compassion for the distress of the weeping Elmira. "Poor girl," said he, kindly patting her on the shoulder, "don't take on so—Joe loves you—he's young and strong—be a rich man yet. Every acre of the West has a treasure of gold in its veins. I'm getting old—tired of the sea—lost my money—wanted a home—wanted rest—folks here I'd got a great fortune—it wasn't my fault—didn't mean to make you unhappy—theo! you loved Joe—good boy—make you a good husband encouraged by his father, ventured to sit down by her and take her hand in his, and she did not notice it away, Uncle Banks thought it a propitious omen, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, he did not speak for a few moments.

Aunt Phillis, completely exhausted, leaned against the wall. Her bonnet partly untied, rested on the back of her head; her turban, disarranged by the jolting of the carriage and her own wrathful gestures, was poked on one side, revealing one or two stiff grey locks, while her long dark ringlets uncured by the rain, clung to her cheeks and chin with mournful adhesiveness. "The corners of her mouth were drawn down into acute angles; the corners of her eye-brows lifted up in corresponding angles in an opposite direction; her nose looked sharpened into a severer point. Shakespeare knew nothing of melancholy madness. He had never seen Aunt Phillis Manners.

Notwithstanding the rough appearance of this lodge, in the wilderness of the boundless west, where the storm-wrecked and eccentric mariner had found a sheltered haven of rest, it was comfortable and looked even cheerful, illumined as it now was by the blazing pine knots, which crackled and coruscated in the vast chimney, and filled every nook and crevice with the brightness of noon-day. A good substantial supper was soon spread before them by the 'maid of all-work,' but no one but Uncle Banks tasted a morsel. He seemed to have lost entirely the fastidiousness of his appetite, and eat of every dish with the keenest relish.

Aunt Phillis did not prowl into the woods, as she had threatened, but threw herself down on her humble bed in a state resembling despair. "The cup of her wrath had foamed over, and she was now drinking in silence the bitter dregs; the veriest lees of the wine of life. She felt, as we may suppose, as the aeronaut feels, who, after rising majestically into the blue convexity of heaven, leaving far below the grossness and opacity of earth, breathing the elasticity of a rarer, purer atmosphere, almost hearing the music of the empyrean, and catching glimpses of the palace of the Sun, when, suddenly, the gas explodes, the airy chariot falls, and he comes tumbling headlong from his glorious height, into some muddy pool, with bruised frame, broken bones and shaking brains.

For hours she lay planning schemes of unexampled vengeance, which for variety and originality, might have shamed the torments of the fabulous Tartarus, till an appalling unconsciousness of her own impotence, and the ridiculousness of her wrongs, checked the ingenuity of her revenge. She relapsed at length to get home, as speedily and quietly as possible, to say nothing to her brother, or any of her friends, of her disappointment, and thus screen herself from the derision which she knew would be her portion. Elmira's feelings were not deep, nor her passions strong. Her character had been moulded by circumstances, and it was easily remoulded. After the first ebullition of sorrow and chagrin, convinced that her destiny was fixed, she submitted with a comparative good grace—determining, in her own mind, that her father should build her a fine house, and that the world should never know how deceived she had been. Besides Joe was so really affectionate and kind, she could not continue

sullen and resentful—and ill-humor looked so unlovely and forbidding in her Aunt, that she struggled against its mastery.

"Carry you home again," said Mr. Banks, "in the same carriage that brought you—don't want to keep folks against their will—ought to be glad of such a fine ride. Daughter may go too, till we get her a house built. Be happy as a queen—mustn't be angry at Uncle—all for the best—married Joe—not his purse. Fine boy—hey?"

With what different emotions did Aunt Phillis find herself seated in the same carriage with the same party, the day but one after her arrival. She wouldn't condescend to sit on the same seat with Mr. Banks, but making Elmira occupy that post of honor, to the great displeasure of cousin Joe, placed herself opposite, and if the lightning of her eyes could have withered, Mr. Banks would have been nothing but a shrivelled scroll. He seemed in imperturbable good humor, singing and laughing so merrily, that Elmira caught the infection, and smiled and even laughed. The third day after their journey, the aspect of the country changed. It was no longer the same road they had travelled before—Aunt Phillis noticed the change, and peevishly asked to what new cities they were going.

"Going to stop to-night at a friend's," answered Uncle Banks. "Good friend—loaned me this carriage—lent me my velvet suit and jewels—capital fellow—rich as a Jew—lives like a prince—catch him perhaps—hey?"

Aunt Phillis disdained to answer, supposing he was going to take her to another log-cabin and some companion of congenial consensence. Night came on, a clear, cold, moonlight night, when the atmosphere itself looked all white and silvery, and the pebbly ground sparkled like diamonds. The horses went faster and faster, and struck fire from their resounding hoofs. Uncle Banks' spirits rose at every turning of the wheels. He sang every verse of "Cease, rude Boreas." "Black-eyed Susan," and "The Jolly Tar," keeping time with his feet and hands, while Aunt Phillis kept dodging her head this way and that, and drawing her feet under her clothes to avoid coming in contact with him. At length the carriage rolled over a smoother road—regular rows of lofty trees, grand and lordly even in the wintry nakedness, skirted the way-side—the illuminated windows of a large white dwelling, with white columns supporting a piazza, that surrounded the whole building, over which perennial vines were clustering, became defined on the luminous background of the starry heavens.

"This is a fine house, to be sure," said Aunt Phillis, in a more gracious tone as the carriage stopped at the door. "It is pleasant to see a Christian-looking habitation once more."

"No need of knocking," said Uncle Banks, leading the way up the flight of marble steps, to the entrance—old acquaintance—no ceremony."

He entered the hall, then throwing back the folding doors, displayed to the astonished eyes of Aunt Phillis, a scene which she thought some newspaper, as much at his ease, as if he had been domesticated there all his life, and directly opposite was Mr. Clements, so intently engaged with a book that he did not notice the opening of the door. And on a sofa, a little in the background of the picture, Charles and Lelia were sitting side by side, engaged in such earnest and interesting conversation, it is doubtful whether the entrance of Xerxes and his army would have diverted their attention from each other.

"Well done, kinsfolk!" exclaimed Uncle Banks, giving his brother a rousing slap on the shoulder. "Can't you see a body, hey? Brought Cousin Phillis to make you a visit. Wasn't pleased with Banksville may be she'll like Clementsville better. Ha—little sweetheart—playing puss in the corner there. Come and kiss your Uncle."

"Welcome, cousin Phillis," said Mr. Clements, shaking her cordially by the hand, "many thanks for this unexpected honor. I shall be most happy to repay you, according to my poor ability, some of the obligations I owe you."

"So you've all been making a fool of me," cried she, unable to suppress the overflowing of her passions. "Pretending to be poor, when you're rich, and rich when you're poor, just to make a game of me—and that little hypocrite knew it all the time, shaking her fore-finger at Lelia, with a part as well as the rest of you. You've every one been in a conspiracy against me. Yes—every one—not excepting my own brother."

Here she threw herself back on the sofa and covering her face with her handkerchief, rocked to and fro, in hysterical agony.

"There is no use in recrimination now, sister," said Mr. Manners. "We have both been taught a good lesson, by which I hope I shall profit, as long as I live. But you must not accuse Lelia. She was the only one of us, who loved her uncle and cousin for themselves alone; and verily she hath found her reward," added he, giving Charles a look, that might have made any young man proud.

"Come, Cousin Phillis," said Mr. Clements, "let us forget and forgive. We have all been playing a little farce, which has made us somewhat better acquainted with human nature, and with the mysteries of our own hearts. Having received a splendid accession to my fortunes, while still a resident in a foreign land, which, by mistake, gave to my snail brother here, I yielded to his whim, and allowed myself to be thought poor and himself rich, as had been previously reported to you. I had some misgivings as to the propriety of the deception; but since I have discovered such a treasury of disinterested affection, in this beloved child, drawing Lelia to his bosom as he spoke—"this child, who is as much lifted above hypocrisy as the heavens are above the earth, and since I have secured the happiness of my son, by a promised union, with so much loveliness and virtue, I cannot regret the masquerade we wore. Yes, Lelia—I would not exchange this coat, this dress given to your poor Uncle, for the ermine of royalty. Its history shall be recorded in the family archives and handed down even to your children's children. Elmira, your husband is not a poor man, for he shall share of my inheritance, and yet make himself a name and fame in the growing West."

"Come, Cousin Phillis," cried Uncle Banks, "Rub out old scores. Kiss and be friends. Don't

spoil your eyes. Catch a rich sweetheart yet—maybe. Hain't got the chink—can't help it—don't want it—clear head—sound limbs, stout heart—good conscience—wealth enough for me. Isn't that enough—hey?"

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PARIS, JUNE 6, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied about its banner, which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be cut and under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; L. W. DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ACCOUNTS; FREEDOM OF THE PRESS; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious, and if its principles be tamely and feebly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will be redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it permeate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
JOHN C. CALHOUN,
Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

Democratic State Convention.

A Democratic State Convention will be held at the Court House, in Bangor, on the twenty-second of June next, at nine o'clock A. M. The objects of the Convention are:

First.—To nominate a Candidate for Governor.

Second.—To take such order in regard to a Democratic National Convention and the election of Delegates thereto, as shall be thought expedient.

All towns and regularly organized plantations having 1500 inhabitants and under, will send one delegate each. Towns and Cities having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send each two delegates—over 3000 and not exceeding 4500 three, and so on in the same ratio.

Plantations organized for the purpose of voting and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation, but may vote for the choice of Delegates in any towns where they are entitled to vote for Governor.

A. NOURSE,
ALFRED JOHNSON,
P. C. JOHNSON,
AUGUSTINE HAINES,
I. C. HAYNES,
State Central Committee.

May 11, 1843.

Democratic Caucus.

The Democrats of Paris are requested to meet at the TOWN HALL on Saturday the seventeenth day of June next, at five o'clock P. M. for the purpose of choosing Delegates to attend the State, District and County Conventions.

Per order of the Town Committee.
Paris, May 29, 1843.

OTHER REASONS FOR SUPPORTING MR. CALHOUN FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

We took the liberty in our last number of presenting to our readers the name of JOHN C. CALHOUN, for President. We took this step in conformity to the course pursued by nearly all the political papers throughout the country. We done it, likewise, because we considered that such a course was honorable and just in itself; especially if we abstained from our own preference. We were not, however, in the least desirous to influence the choice of Delegates; but on the contrary much to confirm, strengthen, and encourage us in the prosecution of our object.

We stated among other things as reasons for supporting Mr. Calhoun, that he was second to no man in the Union for talent, services, patriotism, and long continued devotion to Democratic principles—that he had long stood pre-eminent in our national councils—that he sustained with his usual ardor and zeal, the administration of James Madison during the last war—and that his views on the great and all-important questions of currency, tariff, and protection, were the views of the republican party. These reasons, though vitally important, and without which no man could be excited to the station of President with the aid of the Democratic party are not the only ones which have caused us to prefer Mr. Calhoun.

Among all the reasons that can be made for one candidate more than another, all other things being equal, there is none that presents itself to our mind with greater force than that of *availability*. If there is any one candidate who, above all the rest, should be selected it is the one who will command the most votes. Calhoun and Van Buren are emphatically the two candidates of the republican party. This, Van Buren's friends concede—all admit. It is a well settled matter of fact. The question, then, is, which of these is the most available? We unhesitatingly say, Mr. Calhoun. Why? Look at the Democratic party in '40, and there learn the reason. It is stamped in letters too plain to be misunderstood. He who runs may read it. The result we know we feel, we lament it. We may attribute it to "Coon skins," "Hard Cider," "Log Cabins," and other mummery; but those who acted deliberately on that occasion, and conscientiously too, in causing that defeat, will not thank us for such charges and the less of them we make, the better. Those who have the good of the Democratic party at heart and wish and pray for its success and salvation in the coming election, will not talk of independent voters being influenced by scare-crows or unworthy motives. We say, then, as we are bound in honor and knowledge of the facts to say that in our solemn opinion the defeat of '40 and the causes which produced it will have their effect to defeat us again, under similar circumstances. For this reason then, we consider Mr. Calhoun the most available candidate of the Democratic party; and predict that for this and others which will be made known in due season, he will be the candidate of the country—the whole country, in '44.

We very well know this question is not much agitated here. We are perfectly aware that men have not very generally taken sides on this subject. Many, on account of a certain kind of sympathy, feel desirous of manifesting their esteem and reverence for Mr. Van Buren. We partake of that feeling as strongly as any one. We wish to do him justice and honor for the services he may have rendered the Republic party. But for all this, we would not misdirect the public mind, or sacrifice our principles for any one man. And although the question is not much agitated, yet in this quarter we are satisfied that many of those who have expressed a preference for any one, have come out in favor of Mr. Calhoun; and we are

likewise satisfied that the great mass of the Democracy is only waiting for the Democratic clarion to be sounded in order that they may show their readiness to come to his support.

Democrats, men of one common sentiment—members of one great fraternity—read, examine, learn for yourselves what is going on in your own and other States, and then, with a full knowledge of the past and present before you judge of those things which are expedient for the future advancement and prosperity of your beloved country.

TIME OF HOLDING THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Some influential and highly respected Democratic papers think the time of holding the Convention to nominate a candidate for President ought to be put off till May, 1844, because if it were held at an earlier day, the Whigs, during the next session of Congress, could bring all their batteries to bear against him; and in this way embitter the public mind so as to endanger his election. This argument is not without its weight; but we apprehend that Whig batteries composed of Log Cabins and Hard Cider—and representations of Henry Clay going to mill with tattered pantaloons will be looked upon by the people very much as the cunning rat looked upon the "white bear." They will all with one accord be inclined to exclaim their broken disgrace and ruin rather than "roast beef and two dollars a day." Therefore, we think the people will not forget such arguments in future, or suffer themselves to be duped by them.

As near as we can judge from all the signs and expressions in the political firmament, May will be the time selected. Eleven States have already shown their preference for May, viz. Maryland, Michigan, Kentucky, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island. In this matter—a matter so perfectly devoid of principle or interest, it is sincerely hoped that all will comply with the wish of the majority. Some expressions have fallen from some quarters which seem to indicate that there will be schism in the Democratic party if May be not selected. We cannot believe, however, that a consideration of such a nature—one having reference to time merely, will have any effect to disarrange or disturb the unanimity of the Democracy. We desire union for the sake of strength—and strength for the sake of those principles which derive their value from their inherent power to promote the welfare of the country.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The caucus for the selection of delegates to attend the State Convention meets a week from next Saturday. By the notice it will also be seen that delegates are also to be chosen for the District and County Conventions. We send, according to the basis laid down by the State Committee, two delegates to the State Convention, four to the District Convention, and four to the County Convention. It will probably be left optional with the caucus whether they will choose all the delegates to these several conventions at one sitting, or whether they will select delegates to the State Convention? Mr. Kavanaugh and Mr. Anderson are the two prominent candidates; both are good men and true—either will do honor to the State. Shall we instruct them to go for one or the other of these men, or shall we permit them to go to the convention with hands united? We think in regard to Governor that the latter course would be preferable. The Convention when met will choose two delegates to the U. States convention. Shall our delegates be instructed to vote for men who prefer Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Van Buren? We are not indifferent on this point; but hope the Democrats will think of it and come prepared to decide.

In this State, for example, the last Governor, having been selected from the Western Section, it is by common consent, that the next Governor will be taken from the Eastern Section.—*Argus.*

We published such a sentiment as this, but we were fully satisfied on mature deliberation that it had a tendency to produce sectional feeling and we took the earliest opportunity to recall it. We would look more to the qualifications of a candidate than to his geographical position. Perhaps this ought not to be entirely lost sight of, but we think it ought to be subordinate to many other considerations.

"But the decided course of the most influential of the politicians and presses, favorable to Mr. Calhoun, and the outgiving and wire pulling of the inferior us into an avowal of our choice."—*Argus.*

What is meant here by the *intriguing and wire pulling of the inferior classes*? We should like to know if such invidious and libellous distinctions are proper among Democrats. If so, we have yet to learn what is true Democracy. Truth, it seems to us, ought to be appreciated, let it come from the rich and influential, or the humble and inferior classes.

WYAT FACES.—Some of the Whigs we understand are in a "bad taking" at Mr. Webster's late speech at Baltimore. It smacks too much of free trade. "The Whigs can't stand this, no how." They will call him "god-like" no longer, but turn him over to the tender mercies of Tytism.

"THAT NOSE." If any one is desirous of betaking themselves to the rhinoplastic operation for the acquisition of a new "nose" we can with confidence direct them to brother Kingsbury of the American, who, from his own as well as others' statements has some of that organ to spare.

STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES—LOW FARES.—The "Portland" is now running from Boston to St. John, by way of Eastport, side by side of the "North America."

The "Telegraph" runs from Boston to Hallowell, touching each way at Portland. Passengers can now go from Portland to Bangor for \$1.00; to Eaton for the same; to Hallowell for 50 cents; and from Hallowell to Boston for \$1.00. By an express train of cars on the Railroad, the price from Portland to Boston is but \$1.00. The train starts about 4 o'clock in the morning and goes through in about 4 hours, and returning leaves Boston about 6 o'clock. By this latter arrangement a person may go to Boston, spend ten hours, and return the same day, without being deprived of their usual rest.

"Why did not the Editor send us the *Argus* containing these comments? What could be the motive in keeping it back? Is he afraid truth will come to light? If we state that which is not true we will acknowledge the error. But if we state what is true, and it be denied, we wish the opportunity—the earliest opportunity, of confirming the truth. No one will deny us that privilege who is disposed to be a gentleman."

"The above is from the Oxford Democrat of May 23. We have much more reason to believe that the *Argus* was regularly received by the Democrat, than the Democrat has of manufacturing as it has done on several occasions, that we withheld the *Argus* from its sight. The *Argus* has always been regularly forwarded to the Democrat, and the limit now, and heretofore thrown out, to the contrary, are the offspring of a mean and little spirit."—*Eastern Argus.*

We feel to regret that we are thus wrongfully accused. The truth of the matter is this: The *Argus* generally comes to us tri-weekly. This is always the case when it is not omitted. At the time referred to a *Daily Argus* was sent us instead of a *Tri-Weekly*; and as it happened, that *Daily* did not contain the comments alluded to. Why? We don't know. We have attributed to the *Argus* no bad intention. But from the above paragraph we think we see a bad intention. The above are the facts. "Pull the beam out of your own," &c. It is the height of meanness to make such an insinuation against us as the *Argus* has, when there is not the least reason for it. Why could not the *Argus* have said, we made a mistake and sent the wrong paper—we sent a *Daily* instead of a *Tri-Weekly*—it was not our intention, but we done it through accident? This would have given us entire satisfaction. As we said before, we never attributed any bad motive to the detention of the *Argus* containing those comments; but we leave it to our readers to judge, whether the attempt to justify the sending to us of a *Daily*, which did not contain certain remarks concerning us, and which we are not in the habit of receiving, instead of a *Tri-Weekly* which did contain those remarks, and which was usually sent us, was fair and just, or unfair and unjust. The *Daily Argus* was an *Argus* it is true, but it contained the events of but one day instead of two days. Consequently, the events of one day we did not receive, viz: those of Thursday, May 18th, and it happened to be the day when those comments were published.

We had written thus much when the following was received:—

"The Oxford Democrat finds it very difficult to read our tri-weekly paper, which we have sent them in exchange for their weekly, for years—we shall not trouble them with it so often hereafter. We shall send them the Weekly *Argus*, regularly, as we have the *Tri* hitherto."

We say nothing in regard to it now, but wait till what we have now said has been published.

AN INDEX OF THE FEELING IN MAINE IN REGARD TO THE PRESIDENCY.—It is a well known fact that the late Democratic Legislature were opposed to recommending Mr. Van Buren. For although unusual effort was made to effect that object, it could not be done. The Caucus at which the effort was made, was notified a week in advance, and the object of it was not stated in the notice. When the members assembled, a great part of them were somewhat surprised to find that the business of the evening was to recommend Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, and give that recommendation the force of State action. But after every effort had been made to get out Mr. Van Buren's friends, and rigid silence had been observed in regard to the object of the Caucus, the members of the caucus were openly, fairly, and finally defeated. If the object of the meeting had been known, the majority against such a course would have been still more decided.

We state these facts not to injure Mr. Van Buren, but merely for the purpose of giving a true narrative of the case. Some persons are so wilfully blind, or so obstinately bent on mischief, that they are not so scrupulous about saying certain things as they ought, merely for the reason that it will not produce the effect they wish abroad. We think the truth will serve us as well as any thing, consequently we shall continue to use it, whether it helps Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Calhoun. When a man is composed of passion and prejudice, all his statements have to be taken with many grains of allowance. The opinion of the caucus was in our view, the opinion of the State, and future events will show that we are right.

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

This gentleman has declined being a candidate for Congress, although nominated almost unanimously by the Democrats of his district. He is one of the bright ornaments of the Massachusetts Democracy. After his speech, declining the nomination, several resolutions of a complimentary nature were passed by the convention. We understand that he declines this nomination on account of an expectation that he shall be appointed to the Collectorship of Boston.

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

This is to be a general affair, consisting of a procession with an escort of several military corps, in and out of the State—an address by Daniel Webster, and other things too numerous to mention. It takes place on the 17th instant. Gen. Chandler, of Lexington, is the chief Marshal, and he is making every preparation the case will admit. Seats for about 3,000 persons are to be provided. "The first seats are to be occupied by the Revolutionary soldiers and invited guests; behind them will be placed the ladies and the people generally." It is expected the President, Mr. John Tyler, and suite will be present on the occasion. He is expected to arrive in Boston on the 16th, and will be received by unusual "military demonstrations by the authorities," on which occasion the Lancers, with a splendid cavalcade, will parade and escort them to their quarters in the city. So says the *Argus*. Time could scarcely bring about a more thrilling event than the one in contemplation. The time, the place, the associations, all conspire to awaken emotions of patriotism as well as gratitude and thanksgiving. We hope the most glowing anticipations of all who may be present on the occasion, will be fully realized.

PAINTERS' CHOLIC.—This distressing disorder admits of certain and speedy cure by the use of "Lemon Syrup." Every painter and white lead worker should have a bottle by his side.

THE COOKS' REVENGE.—A paper out west is issued with the above name. The "Ides of August" will show with what success they meet.

A PUBLIC DINNER will be given at Faneuil Hall on the 17th instant. Tickets \$5.

GREAT MAN. A distinguished Irishman said of Washington that no country could hold him—no country appropriate him, but that he emphatically belonged to the whole world.

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JOHN JONES.

Adjectives admit of three degrees. John Jones, editor of the Madisonian—the Tyler organ—has been lauding his patron to an unprecedented extent; and the New York Plebeian, not having the fear of John before his eyes, has arranged these calculations in the following manner. We would not forget to state, however, that John Jones, according to the Boston Post, would be an excellent Editor if his ears were not so long. Here follows the lesson.

"Tis Positive.—Never, since the formation of the Federal Government, has an Administration had so much to contend with as the present—and never has an Administration been so signally triumphant. Hemmed in on all sides by the ultras of parties, and the unprincipled leaders of factions, the National Executive has pressed boldly forward in the discharge of the important duties devolving upon his high station. Like an undaunted pilot, he has stood calm and unmoved when the ocean of public opinion was lashed into a foaming fury. He recked not the thunders overhead, or the bursting of the tempest around him; but onward, still onward has been his course, and gloriously triumphant has been the sequel."

"Tis Comparative.—Justice and right have triumphed. The Democratic party, broken and despoiled—panic-struck and flying, were rallied to another onset. The National Chief, with a glorious magnanimity came to their rescue, and they were saved. Could they be ungrateful and desert him in the hour when his acts to save them had drawn down the animadversions of his former friends? Could they unrequit the services of the man who wrought their salvation? No. A deep sense of gratitude—a strong conviction of the debt they owe him—a profound veneration and esteem for such essential favors, and an abiding attachment to the pure principles pervading throughout the deliberations of his Administration, bind him to them as with an iron chain."

"Tis Superlative.—In the canvass of '44, the Whig party will present a strong phalanx, and nothing but a wise choice on the part of the Democracy in the selection of a candidate, will insure their ascendancy. Neither Mr. VAN BUREN nor Mr. CALHOUN, can conciliate the entire strength of the National Democratic party. Neither can Gen. Cass, Col. Johnson or Mr. BUCHANAN. Each have their sectional feelings and their local interests. JOHN TYLER is the only man that can produce that union and concert of action so essentially necessary to a triumph, and he will be the nominee."

"To the highest powers of mind Mr. Calhoun unites those elevated moral qualities, which are equally essential with ability to complete the character of a perfect statesman: inflexible integrity, honour without a stain, disinterestedness, temperance, and industry; a firmness of purpose which disdains to calculate the consequences of doing his duty; prudence and energy in action, devotion to his country, and inexhaustible love of liberty and justice."—Life of John C. Calhoun.

His Biographer speaks thus of the moral and intellectual qualities of Mr. Calhoun. All are ready to concede that no man is more distinguished for his moral virtues than the statesman of South Carolina.

A NEW SPECIES OF BUTTER.—The following is an extract from Mrs. Strutt's "Domestic Residence in Switzerland"—
"In order to ease the labor of milking the cows, the maid sits on little low stools, which they carry about with them, ready strapped to their persons, producing an effect more characteristic than poetical."

The Tariff.—We learn from Boston that the leading manufacturers have at length become thoroughly satisfied that protection is a delusion. They have discovered that goods can be made as cheaply in this country as any other; that here the manufacturers have food cheaper than any where else in the world, and all they want is free trade—which will give them cheap iron, cheap hemp, cheap sugar and molasses, cheap every thing which they want to buy, and the whole world for a market. We understand that these views have actually been expressed in a letter to Mr. Webster. Great is truth. Protection is "not the thing it is cracked up to be." Instead of being the indispensable support of the nation, as it and a national bank have been represented, we can actually get along without either of them, and upon the whole better than when. Hurra! Our great enemy is killed. [Journal of Commerce.]

The South Carolina Calhoun Convention met at Columbia, in that State, on the 22nd ult. Hon. W. B. Seabrook was elected President, and a committee was appointed to draft an address to the Democratic party of the United States, presenting the claims of John C. Calhoun to the Presidency. A committee of twenty-one to report on his nomination and on the subject of a national convention was also appointed, and a committee of fifteen on the State organization. These committees reported, recommending Mr. Calhoun for the Presidency, suggesting May, 1844, as the proper time for the meeting of the general convention; and that the mode of electing delegates to it be by districts in those States under the district organization, and in the others by the method in general use among them; that the representation be the same as in the Electoral College; and that the vote in the convention be taken per capita. The resolutions were accepted, and on the 24th the convention adjourned.

The President.—An active member of the Democratic party in Connecticut, tells us that the impression among his friends is, that the friends of Mr. Calhoun are now in the majority there, and gaining rapidly, and that the same is true of New Hampshire and Maine. A gentleman similarly situated with regard to affairs in Illinois, on hearing the remarks of the Connecticut gentleman, remarked: "the same state of things exist in our State."—Journal of Commerce.

Hon. JOHN M. NILES.—The Hartford Patriot and Eagle, has the following mournful intelligence. "This gentleman is and has been for some time past, in a very feeble state of mind and body, owing, it is said, to recent domestic afflictions, and pecuniary reverses. We should not be surprised if his resignation as United States Senator, should be tendered to the Legislature, before its adjournment."

Suppose one of the Siamese (twins should steel; he could not be imprisoned without subjecting the sheriff to a false imprisonment by the other. But if one should be accused of murder he would be cleared on the ground of insanity, being a man beside himself.

Col. Greene, of the Boston Post, says that Mr. Kingsbury, of the Portland American, is all fired proud of his nose. "Well, darn it, haven't we good reason to be? Such noses are scarce, Colonel."—American.

SLAVERY.—In the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church now sitting in Philadelphia, the following resolution, offered on the previous day by the committee on bills and overtures, was taken up and discussed at much length. The subject had not been disposed of at the date of our last advices.

"Whereas, divers memorials and remonstrances have been presented to the General Assembly, some asking for action, and some deprecating all action of this body upon the subject of slavery, therefore,

Resolved, That though this Assembly cannot consent to hold any relation to slavery as a system which implies approbation, but must be understood to regard it as a great evil, involving most unhappy consequences both to master and slave, yet the removal of it, though an object of intense desire and fervent prayer, and one calling for the continued action of truth and love, does not fall within the constitutional powers of this body."

We are informed that the introduction of these resolutions was like hurling a red hot fire brand into a magazine of powder, and that the result may be a new dismemberment.—American.

AMUSING RELICS.

We know it is cruel to abuse a prostrate foe, and the present melancholy situation of the great whig party, that but two years since swept over this mighty nation with the impulse of a tornado, is more a matter of sympathy than ridicule. Yet one cannot help indulging now and then in a retrospection, and feeling a slight inclination to merriment as he looks at the gowags with which the elections were carried. Even the whigs themselves will join in the roar occasionally.

Our eye has just fallen upon the following whig predictions, made in 1840, and which ran the rounds of all their presses:—

"If the lozes succeed, we shall have—National insolvency; individual insolvency; no tariff; private distress; hard times; low wages for our work; direct tax; waste of public money; profusion; extravagance; a bad currency, and little of it; aristocracy, and finally, monarchy, sustained by 200,000 men, and a revenue of forty millions wrested from the hard earnings of the people."

If the whigs succeed, we shall have, on the other hand—1st, national and individual prosperity; 2d, good rates; 3d, good prices, and plenty of work; 4th, a protective tariff; 5th, no expenditures; 7th, a good currency, and plenty of it; 9th, equality of rights and freedom secured to ourselves and posterity."

What say you to this humbug? Their answer has already been given at the ballot-box. The party that originated it is now kissing the dust.—American.

GROWLERS!—read the following from the Bay State Democrat:

Good news. Business in Portland is improving rapidly; in fact, the whole State of Maine stands a good chance to prosper about these days. For, while goods of almost all kinds are low, lumber, their staple article, is comparatively high, and of quick sale. This enables the 'downcasters' to pay off old scores, and buy for cash.—There was a time when it made a Boston merchant almost sick to see an Eastern trader come into his store; but now, they are all looking after the Maine chance.

THE CHINA MISSION.—Mr. Cushing will, as we have before stated, take the overland route for India, and join the Brahmawine frigate at Singapore. He will be accompanied by Messrs. F. Webster, and John Tyler, Jr. Mr. Cushing takes out with him, it is said, a French gentleman named Hennis, who is celebrated for his knowledge of modern languages, and will be of great assistance to the legation.

DOWNING COLLEGE.—The Boston Daily American says that, it learns from a gentleman connected with this Institution, that its prospects were never so flattering as at present. It now numbers about one hundred and seventy students—is erecting another building for the use of the establishment, four stories high, one hundred feet by fifty, and is in all respects in a most flourishing condition.

We see it is stated in a letter from Athens, that King Otto threatens to abdicate his throne, unless the most potent sovereigns of Europe, who placed him where he is, shall send him more money. He thinks it outrageous that they should expect him to govern such a people with an empty treasury, and with no means of replenishing it without oppressing the people.

SOLD AT LAST.—The Tremont theatre was on Wednesday sold to the Rev. Mr. Colver's Baptist Society for \$35,000, and at the close of the present theatrical season will be fitted up and occupied as a place of public worship. The properties and gas fixtures were not included in the sale.

Opp.—Charles Compté de Mises, who had twice thousand men under his command in the army of Napoleon, and was at one time commander-in-chief of the city of Rome, is now in (Nashville) (Tenn.) teaching school.

The Queen of England.—Queen Victoria was twenty-four years old on Wednesday. A salute, in honor of the occasion, was fired in New York harbor by the Warspite and returned by the U. S. ship North Carolina.

Fanny Elssler received for two evenings dancing, at Bath and Bristol, 100 guineas per night. She danced on each occasion about 20 minutes in all; making her pay, just five guineas per minute. Who wouldn't be a danseuse?

Fenny.—One of the ludicrous things to be seen now in New York, is a thousand people applauding a French play, of which they do not understand a syllable, led on by a hundred who

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The Boston Times says: "Mr. M. Hayward, of Boston, received an anonymous letter on the 15th ult. enclosing \$5 dollars, and in which the writer acknowledges he took 6 dollars from him, by theft, about ten years since, for which he desires to restore four fold, and asks his forgiveness."

The Portland Light Infantry have voted to visit Boston, in uniform, and attend the Monument Celebration.

MARRIED.

In Buxton, Mr. Marshall M. Berry, of Saco, to Miss Philena F. Sweetser, of the former place.

Treasurer's Notice, Peru, Me.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following are the names of the owners of accounts taxed for real estate in the town of Peru, County of Oxford, for State, County and town tax for the year 1842, with the amount of taxes assessed and the sums now due and unpaid thereon respectively, as certified by Wm. E. Tapley, Collector of said town, A. D. 1842, no person having appeared within six months from the date of said assessment to discharge the same, and I have recorded the same in a Book agreeably to Law.

Residents.	Am't of Tax.	Am't of Tax, unpaid.
Austin Charles, 25 acres of land	1 57	1 57
Austin Justus, 50 do and buildings	3 00	3 00
Burgess Elisha, 25 do	1 50	1 50
Bailey Samuel L. 170 do and buildings	0 00	0 00
Bailey Brady Jr. 150 do	8 62	8 62
Barston Robert, 100 do	4 72	4 72
Barston John, 14 do and house	2 25	2 25
Beaumont John, 22 do	4 50	4 50
Bishop Squire, 787 do buildings	2 38	2 38
Bowen A. 50 do	1 12	1 12
Barton James, 50 do	1 50	1 50
Conant Daniel L. 67 do buildings	5 47	5 47
David David, 50 do	1 87	1 87
Diane John, 10 do	4 72	4 72
Ellis Peter H. 130 do	4 40	4 40
Faber Marshall A. 150 do	6 63	6 63
French Wm. S. 14 do	60	60
Frost Wm. 24 do	1 50	1 50
Frederick Alden, 10 do house	1 50	1 50
Gannett Elbridge G. 50 do buildings	3 60	3 60
Hammond Mary 10 do house	75	75
Hall Jeremiah 75 do buildings	6 75	6 75
Hall Daniel, 150 do	9 50	9 50
Jenne Joseph H. 83 do	5 40	5 40
Knight Merrill 60 do	75	75
Knight Adam 525 do buildings, mill, &c. 1001	3 75	3 75
Knight Ebenezer B. 88 do	1 25	1 25
Knight Elmore 25 do	1 80	1 80
Knox Joshua's estate 150 acres do	9 50	9 50
Knox Charles G. 50 acres	2 25	2 25
Ludden Wm S. 40 do buildings, saw mill 100	10 50	10 50
Moore John, 12 acres	5 85	5 85
Moore Peter, 50 do buildings	5 70	5 70
Moody Ashly 100 do	3 30	3 30
Oldham Daniel 115 do	6 75	6 75
Oldham Daniel Jr. 300 acres	2 25	2 25
Peru Wm. 50 acres, house & barn	1 72	1 72
Roberts Seth 100 acres	2 40	2 40
Robins John 50 acres	75	75
Robinson Frederick 60 acres, and house	1 35	1 35
Sampson Jacob 14 do	4 25	4 25
Small Alva 6 do buildings	5 25	5 25
Tracy Leonard 20 do	1 12	1 12
Thayer Benson 35 do house	1 12	1 12
Thayer Frederick Jr. 100 acres	5 05	5 05
Wing Lewis 50 do	3 00	3 00
Wyman Henry H. 50 acres	1 87	1 87
Wyman Hiram 100 do house	3 00	3 00
Wormwell Hiram 100 do buildings	5 25	5 25
York Ebenezer 60 do	3 37	3 37
York Joshua A. 30 do house	1 50	1 50

Non Resident.	Am't of Tax.	Am't of Tax, unpaid.
J. Moore, Lot No. 21, Peck's Grant	1 85	1 85
Unknown, part of No. 23	3 00	3 00
J. Moore, No. 23 do	3 00	3 00
Wm B. Walton No. 25 do	2 47	2 47
Timothy Ludden 1 of Grist Mill on the Ludden Farm	4 50	4 50
John Allen, part on which John Combs lives	3 15	3 15
Unknown, Lot No. 13, in Fox's Grant	3 00	3 00
Charles Fox, No. 14, do	2 63	2 63

Thompson's Grant.	Am't of Tax.	Am't of Tax, unpaid.
Wm. Millett, or unk. Nos. 7 & 8, 7th Range	7 50	7 50
and Nos. 7 & 8, 6th Range,	1 50	1 50
E. Bailey, 1 of No. 15, 8th Range,	1 12	1 12
Cyrus Thompson, No. 7, 6th Range,	45	45
Unknown, No. 12, 10th Range,	80	80
John E. Stacy, 10th Range,	7 50	7 50
Peru, May 29th, 1843.	3w5	

Assignee's Sale.

WILL be sold by virtue of a Decree of the United States District Court for Maine District at the City of Portland, on the 26th day of June, instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,

One Pew in the Universalist Meeting House in Norway.

The right of redeeming one bed, bedding & bedstead, Bureau, card Table, Dining Table, Work Stand, Writing Desk, Wash Stand, Carpet, 2 Mirrors, half a dozen chairs, Fire safe, 3 waiters, lot of Crockery Ware, one Tin Kettle, one Clock, the whole mortgaged to Sarah Rust. Six acres of upland, one dozen small deer, a valuable miscellaneous Library, sundry domestic and other articles, a particular statement of which may be seen at the Office of the subscriber.

At the same time and place—All the right in equity of redemption which SAMUEL T. BELL has in and to a lot of land in the town of Oxford, between David Webster's land and the land of Joseph and Ous Mixer on the road to "Fingie's Mills, subject to a mortgage to John Welch, Esq., for the original purchase money and interest.

Also—All said Samuel T. Bell's right to redeem about one half acre of land at the Sheep Falls Village, in Norway, mortgaged to Benjamin Tucker.

At the same time and place—The property of WILLIAM COTLEMAN; one Clock, one Violin and Case, sundry notions, accounts and evidence of debt, a list of which may be seen at the Office of the subscriber.

And any other articles belonging to either of the above mentioned individuals, which the subscriber has a right to sell, as their Assignee, although not particularly named.

By authority as aforesaid, at public Auction, at the dwelling house of JAMES BEAT, in Norway, on Wednesday, the 26th day of June, instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon—The right of purchasing the farm on which said John Bell lives in Norway, on paying to Ezra F. Bell \$150.94 and interest since November 1842.

The right to redeem three Plugmies, one Ox Cart and Rack, pulled by Amos M. Jordan. The right to redeem one horse mortgaged to Wm. Millett. "A 1/2" a hand saw, 18 Cedar posts, lot shingles, part of Cut Horse, Irons for Wagon tongue and axle, one clock, two Ox Yokes, Harrow wheel, Horse Yoke, sundry demands due said Bell, a list of which is with the subscriber; and all the other property of said Bell which the subscriber has in his Assignee has a right to sell, although not particularly named. Terms—Cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.
June 1st, 1843.
COLLECTOR'S DEEDS, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
LYMAN DANIELS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.
BY virtue of a Decree of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Maine, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION.

At the Post Office, in Watford, on THURSDAY, the twenty-ninth day of June, instant, at 10 o'clock A. M. cash on delivery.—All the right of JOSEPH NELSON to redeem a Store and other buildings and the land on which the said store and other buildings are situated, subject to a mortgage to secure the payment of \$650. Also—1 silver Watch, 2 Trunks, 1 Harrow, a lot of clappboards, 2 Ox Yokes, 2 Sleds and 3 Whippletrees. Also—Sundry notes and accounts in favor of said Joseph Nelson, a schedule of which may be seen by calling upon the subscriber.

Waterford, June 5th, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he is the mortgagee of a certain piece of land situated in Norway Village, in the County of Oxford, bounded as follows, viz:—Eastwardly by land of Ebenezer Hobbs, southwardly by the road leading by Ruan's Mill, so called, westwardly by land owned by Nathaniel Bennett and others, and northwardly by the Mill stream, conveyed to the subscriber by David P. Stowell of Paris, in the County aforesaid, by deed of Mortgage, dated the twenty-fourth day of July one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford, Book 53, page 165, to which reference may be had for a particular description of the premises.

The condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof the subscriber claims a foreclosure according to the Statutes.

JACOB TEWKSBURY.

By J. S. KERR, his Att'y.

Oxford, May 29th, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that whereas, on the sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1840, Aratus Farrar, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, conveyed by deed of Mortgage to David Farrar, Jr. of said Buckfield, a certain piece of land situated in said Buckfield, the particulars of which are given in the said mortgage, and which is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford, Book 53, page 165, to which reference may be had for a particular description of the same referred to, and whereas, on the twenty-third day of August, A. D. 1841, said David Farrar, Jr. assigned four-fifths parts of said mortgage, to me, the subscriber, as will appear by said Records Book 53, page 53, I do therefore assign as aforesaid claim to foreclose the said mortgage for a breach of the condition of the same agreeable to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

NOAH PRINCE.

Buckfield, May 30, 1843.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting Mrs. CHARLES COFF and child, wife of William Coff, partners of the late town, as suitable provision has been made for their support. No bills of any kind are to be received for their account.

TIMOTHY CROCKETT, Overseers of the

ABEL W. BISBEE, Poor of Summer.

Summer, June 3, 1843.

Tailoring.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Paris, that he has taken the store and formerly occupied by T. LITTLE, where he will carry on the Tailoring business. Those who may favor him with their patronage, may rely on having their work done in a neat and workman like manner and on reasonable terms. All garments made by him are warranted to fit. The subscriber hopes by his experience and constant attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Cutting done at the shortest notice.

South Paris, April 16th, 1843.

Wm. HEATH.

ABIGAIL ANDREWS.

late of Lovell, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the subscriber.

STEPHEN BARKER.

Lovell, May 23d, 1843.

Assignee's Sale.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

AMERICAN THAYER, Administrator of the Estate of CHARLES RYAN, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented his last account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

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It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Assignee's Sale.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

HARRIET R. CARTER, Administratrix of the estate of JAMES R. CARTER, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

